

lyrical smile, indigo eyes, hand on my thigh by
stardustupinlights

Category: Percy Jackson and the Olympians & Related Fandoms - All Media Types

Genre: Age Difference, Alternate Universe - No Powers, Apollo (Percy Jackson) is a DILF, Attempt at Humor, Crack Treated Seriously, Daddy Kink, M/M, Percy Jackson is Easy, Sexual Humor, Shameless, Song: I Think He Knows (Taylor Swift), Unresolved Sexual Tension

Characters: Apollo (Percy Jackson), Nico di Angelo, Percy Jackson, Piper McLean, Rachel Elizabeth Dare, Will Solace

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Summary:

In which Percy is a very sexually frustrated college student spending the summer at one of his best friend's parents' beach house, and Apollo, due to virtue of suddenly joining his son for the summer, catches his eye.

Relationships: Apollo/Percy Jackson

Comments: 26

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Author's Note:

i actually started this wip back before i ever finished my 200k words longfic. its old, very old writing, and you can probably tell. but i wanted something less painful, if that makes sense. like god, i need it. hopefully i can find some joy or reassurance in this, and hopefully you guys can too.

Percy has known Will for about two years, give or take. He was in charge of freshman orientation for the pre-med kids the year that Will started out college, and he was also the RA in his assigned dorm. By the time Will tried out for the swim team, they already had a budding friendship, and it only grew from there.

As a rule, Percy doesn't ask new friends about their situation at home unless they speak about it first. It's because he knows a little too well what it is to be interrogated about why he has his mother's last name but is publicly acknowledged by his father and his family, and about his first step-father and his mysterious disappearance, and whether he's in line for *the* heritance or not.

So if Will didn't tell, Percy didn't ask. What he gathered, over the course of their friendship, were bits and pieces: his mom is a singer constantly on tour, he has *at least* four siblings that he knows of from his dad's side, and said dad is loaded. That last one isn't a surprise; while Percy is in school on a scholarship he's barely hanging on to, Will got several recommendation letters from his father's contacts.

Percy didn't think anything much about that, to be honest. He's not a judgmental person. Rachel, who's known Will since he was a kid and used to be his nanny, constantly made jokes about his dad that Percy never caught on, but he never felt the need to ask, either.

He's regretting that now.

To back up a little, Will invited them—Percy, Nico, Rachel and Piper—to his dad’s California beach house to spend the summer. Annabeth was invited, but she decided to spend time with her little siblings instead, and Jason was also invited, up until they had a bit of a messy breakup and it was decided they were better off far away from each other for a while.

Will promised that they’d have the place for themselves, which was cool. The first couple days went by according to plan: Rachel harassed Nico into tanning with her by the pool, where Percy and Will had swimming races with Piper while music blared from Will’s dad’s impressive sound system.

Then, Will got a phone call during lunch the next day, and Percy watched him, standing front-row while he cooked for them all because he’s the only one with half a brain-cell for using a kitchen, as his soul seemed to leave his body.

Percy watched him hang up the phone and he’d been instantly worried. “Did something bad happen?”

“Percy,” Will swallowed, and his tone immediately made Percy untie his apron, ready to go into damage-control mode, only for Will to shake his head. “I need you to listen to me. This is very important.”

Percy stared. “Okay?”

“Something came up, and my dad is coming over for the summer for work. His apartment in the city is still under construction from flooding last year, so he can’t stay there,” Will paused, then continued, looking like it was physically painful for him to do so. “I know I said we would have the place for ourselves, but—”

“Will, it’s completely fine—”

“—I’m worried about you.” Will took a deep breath, meeting Percy’s bewildered expression with an even, narrowed gaze. “Percy, whatever happens, you have to promise you won’t stare.”

“Stare?” Percy asked, even more confused. “Is your dad sick or something?”

“No. I wish that was the case,” Will shook his head. “Just promise me you won’t stare. You’ll know when you see him.”

Now, usually, Percy wouldn’t let people get away with this kinda cryptid vague shit, but Will had looked so grim, he would’ve felt guilty afterwards if he’d pressured him. Besides, it *seemed* like a real issue, since Will is rarely so somber about things.

So Percy just shrugged, nodding. Innocent, naive. “Sure, I won’t stare. Do you want spice on your plate?”

That had been that, for a few days. Rachel had busted out laughing when told that Will’s dad was coming over, and even Nico, who’s been dating Will since high school, looked a little worried at the idea, much like Will was. Percy exchanged a confused look with Piper, who was equally clueless. So he ignored it, thinking maybe Will’s dad has an obnoxious personality or a bad fashion sense.

It is what brings him to his current situation. Will’s dad seemingly showed up overnight, since Percy doesn’t remember hearing anyone arriving at any point during the previous day. Half asleep and heading right to make breakfast, he doesn’t realize there’s someone sitting on the dining table until they clear their throat when Percy bends over to look for the coffee pot.

He almost hits himself on the back of the head with the underside of the counter when he jumps, and then he turns around so fast that his vision goes fuzzy.

“Good morning!” The man sitting at the table says, eyes wrinkling at the corners from laugh marks as he smiles, showing off all his perfect teeth. Percy has a split-second thought in which he thinks he broke into the place, served himself a bowl of cereal, and brought a newspaper with him.

But then he processes the pale, cornflower-blue eyes, the tanned skin, the sandy, curly blond hair with notes of gray, the strong shoulders and perfect

jawline covered by a light dusting of a recently-shaved beard, the tank-top showing off strong, muscled arms—

“You know, you should close your mouth, you’re going to get flies. Are you one of Will’s friends, or did I stumble into the wrong house last night?”

Oh.

Oh.

Oh, shit, this is Will’s *father*. This Adonis-like exemplar with a Baywatch supermodel face and body structure. This absolute *mouth-watering* human being... and Percy just broke his promise. He’s staring. And he *can’t stop staring*.

“This—this is the right house,” Percy forces out, clearing his throat, lowering his eyes in an attempt to look less desperate. It only makes him look at the man’s legs, which are only covered by a pair of unnecessarily tight, short twin trunks. Holy shit, those *thighs*. “I’m, uh, Will’s friend, Percy?”

“Are you asking me or are you introducing yourself?” The man—*Will’s dad*, a voice in his head tries to supply, but he decidedly ignores it because *wow*, Will is very attractive himself but what the fuck is this?—chuckles at him, and brings a mug up to his lips, sipping as he looks at him from under his eyelashes. Oh, *wow*. That hurts.

"I'm introducing myself," Percy mumbles, and pretends there isn't an audible yet silent *I think* following those words. "And you're mister... uh."

He realizes, a little late, that he has no idea what Will's other last name is. Or if he *has* another last name. Shit. Maybe he should've asked him about family stuff after all, been nosy and inconsiderate for once. The man clearly notices his confusion, because he snorts softly, shaking his head.

"My last name is Brighton, but you can call me Apollo," he says, and *winks*. Oh, good thing it's summer, because Percy has an excuse for the way he's

sweating. "Mister makes me feel like an old man, you see. Nice to meet you, Percy."

He's about to say either *nice to meet you too* or *thank you God*, he isn't sure which one, but Will's voice coming from the hallway stops him dead.

"Dad?" Will rounds the corner into the kitchen, noticing Percy first. "Ah, Percy, have you seen—?"

Will stops himself, staring at Percy, and sends him a *look*. Well. Shit. As Will turns towards the dining table, his dad raising his eyebrows at him when he notices the way he's glancing between the two of them, Percy runs a hand through his hair, trying to control himself. Another look at Will's dad makes it almost impossible, and in fact, has him biting back a dreamy sigh. His skin looks *amazing* under the sun streaming through the window.

Just how old is this guy? He doesn't look *at all* like the fifty-something Percy would've guessed Will's father to be. At most, he seems to be in his forties, and that math just *can't* be right. No fucking way. This dude has clearly aged like a fine cheese or a ridiculously unique wine.

"Dad," Will starts, eyes narrowed. "I see you've met Percy."

"Yep!" Apollo nods, turning back to his newspaper and cereal. Vaguely, Percy wonders if it's gone soggy, considering the man hasn't actually taken a bite since Percy laid eyes on him. "He seems like a very fine young man. How come you never told me about him?"

"Yeah, Will," Percy says, forgetting his brain to mouth filter. As father and son turn towards him, Apollo's expression curious and Will's deadly, he's forced to continue. "How... how come you never told me about your dad? He gave me a scare when I came downstairs."

"Poor thing almost hits his head," Apollo chuckles again, a huskier sound than from earlier. Percy just discovered he has a kink for being called a poor thing *specifically* by this man. "What did I tell you about informing guests of the house owner, William?"

Will glares directly at Percy. "I did tell him about the house owner, dad."

Percy swallows as Apollo glances at him again, this time from head to toe. There's nothing leering about it, not even a drop of appreciation, and Percy regrets not sleeping in booty shorts. Fuck.

"Well, do a better job next time. He stared at me like I was a burglar," Apollo checks the time on the digital clock over the dining table, scoffing, and then hastily closes the newspaper, knocking back the last few gulps of his drink. Percy shamelessly stares at his throat, tilting his head to better appreciate the sight. "Shit, I'm late. I'll see you guys later, maybe. It was *very* nice to meet you, Percy!"

Then he gets up and leaves. Percy doesn't even pretend he's not staring at his ass as he walks away, up until Will hits him in the arm.

"Dude!" He demands, stepping in front of him to reclaim his attention. "I told you not to stare!"

"What?" Percy blinks, and then his brain comes back online. "Wait, Will—that's *not* fair, you never told me he was hot! How was I supposed to know I wasn't supposed to stare at how hot he is!?"

"I knew this would happen," Will buries his face in his hands, despairing. "I knew it. I've been avoiding introducing you two for ages, because I *knew* —"

"Dude, c'mon, your dad is a DILF, big fucking deal," Percy scoffs, rolling his eyes. "And he's my type. Whatever. He's still your dad."

"You don't get it, Percy," Will sighs, looking him dead in the eyes. Tone dry, he goes: "My dad is a slut."

Percy chokes on a laugh. "Excuse me?"

"My dad will fuck anything that looks pretty!" Will snaps, then lowers his voice as if afraid someone will hear them. Nico, Rachel, and Piper are all late risers, so it's unlikely, so he doesn't know what the drama is for. "And

you are pretty. I've accepted this, I've dealt with it with my therapist, I can finally not have flashbacks to when I was five and walked in on him—"

"Will, chill the fuck out," Percy snorts. "I mean, has your dad actually... had sex with one of your friends before?"

Will frowns at him so hard that Percy knows he's going to get wrinkles afterwards. "No. Of course he hasn't."

"Then why—"

"Because all my friends are my age!" Will hits his arm again. Ouch. Not the kinda bruises he wants right now, and definitely not from Will. Better keep that thought to himself, though, since he seems to be having a moment. "You're the old man here!"

"I'm twenty-two?" Percy frowns back, offended. "And Piper and Rachel are my age—"

"Piper's a lesbian and my dad's known Rachel since she was fourteen, they don't count," Will argues back, and Percy pouts. "There's always a first for anything, and if *you* are willing, then I literally can't do anything to stop the both of you. Do you know how bad this is?"

He fails to see the problem. "What you're saying is that you'd forgive me if I wanted to become your stepfather for the summer?"

"Percy!" Will snaps and Percy laughs at his distraught expression. "This is no joking matter! Nico already had a crush on you for a while, I don't need you to steal my dad too!"

"Will, from what little I know about your dad, he wouldn't do that to you," Percy stops talking, waiting for Will to agree. When a nod never comes, Percy forces himself to continue. "...right? He wouldn't?"

Will narrows his eyes. "He wouldn't *start* anything, but there's no keeping my dad from pretty things."

"I'm *not* a thing, excuse you—"

"I saw your face when he called you a thing!"

Percy can't find a way around that one, so he just shrugs. "I haven't had sex since *before* Jason and I broke up. Do you have any idea what I'm going through? Hell. That's what it is."

Will stares at him with disappointment so severe, Percy almost feels sorry. Almost. "I hate you so much right now."

Percy rolls his eyes. "Nothing's gonna happen, Will. Your dad is eye candy, though. I'm *definitely* staring."

Will proceeds to glare at him from afar for the rest of the day, Nico acting like the shadow he is and following him around. It makes it so it's only three of them outside this afternoon, so Percy explains the situation to Piper, who laughs so hard she almost falls into the pool. Rachel, still trying—and failing—to get a tan, just smiles happily.

"You know, only one or two of Will's siblings is older than you," she provides, eyebrows dancing from behind her sunglasses. "It wouldn't even be that weird, if you squinted. He certainly looks younger than he is."

"Don't encourage him," Piper chuckles, doing her hair up on a ponytail, tilting her head towards Percy. "He hasn't gotten a good laid in *ages*, I'd say he's desperate enough to fuck Will's dad, and Percy doesn't even *like* casual sex."

"I wouldn't," Percy protests, stealing the sunscreen from Rachel's towel to apply over his arms and chest. He might as well get a tan while he's at it. "Who wants to do my back?"

"Maybe you should ask Will's dad if he wants to."

"Very funny," Percy flips Piper off, to which she laughs and turns away, diving into the pool. He turns towards Rachel. "Should I get naked? I don't want an uneven tan like last year."

"Don't let me stop you," Rachel yawns, and picks her hat off the floor, getting some shadow. "I don't mind the uneven tan."

"That's because you don't want anyone to see you naked. Or date anyone, actually," Percy snorts, and Rachel cracks a smile. "So, since it's hot girl summer, I was thinking of exploiting Grindr—"

"Ew, ridiculously desperate, even for you," Rachel scrunches up her nose, and wolf whistles as Percy shimmies out of his swim trunks, even though she isn't even watching. He just rolls his eyes and focuses on getting an even amount of sunscreen on his skin. "Try Tinder first, at least."

"I want a quick fuck, not to get murdered," Percy sighs, echoing his own words back at himself in his head and realizing how contradictory that statement is. "Shit, I am desperate."

Rachel laughs, shaking her head, and that's pretty much how the first day of Will's dad spending the summer with them goes.

Author's Note:

im not at the perpollo server anymore due to my mental health making me feel annoyed at everything and anything. however, it is a great place to be if you wanna interact with more people about perpollo and such. i formally gave ownership (hopefully temporal, if i can one day go back) to ashilrak, and appointed mrythology as a mod (also temporally, if i ever start feeling less insane). they're great and im sure they're doing an amazing job at modding and making the place better than i ever could. i miss it terribly. i miss everything terribly. but its probably best for me to limit my interactions to ao3 for a while.

so, if you wanna join, here's the link:
<https://discord.com/invite/Hauxvmuuqf>

i grabbed this from the perpollo.tumblr.com blog, so if it doesn't work just head over there, or to any of ashilrak's fics for a link.

hope you enjoyed reading.